

CUMBERLAND'S  
No. 48. MINOR THEATRE, Pr. 6d  
BEING A COMPANION TO  
Cumberland's British Theatre.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS:

A FARCE IN ONE ACT,

BY JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, Esq.

Author of *Luke the Labourer*. *Popping the Question*.  
*Happiest Day of my Life*, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY

With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,

BY D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the  
CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE  
POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and  
the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-  
formed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with

A FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,

BY Mr. BONNER,  
from

A Drawing taken in the Theatre

by

Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.

Shakespeare

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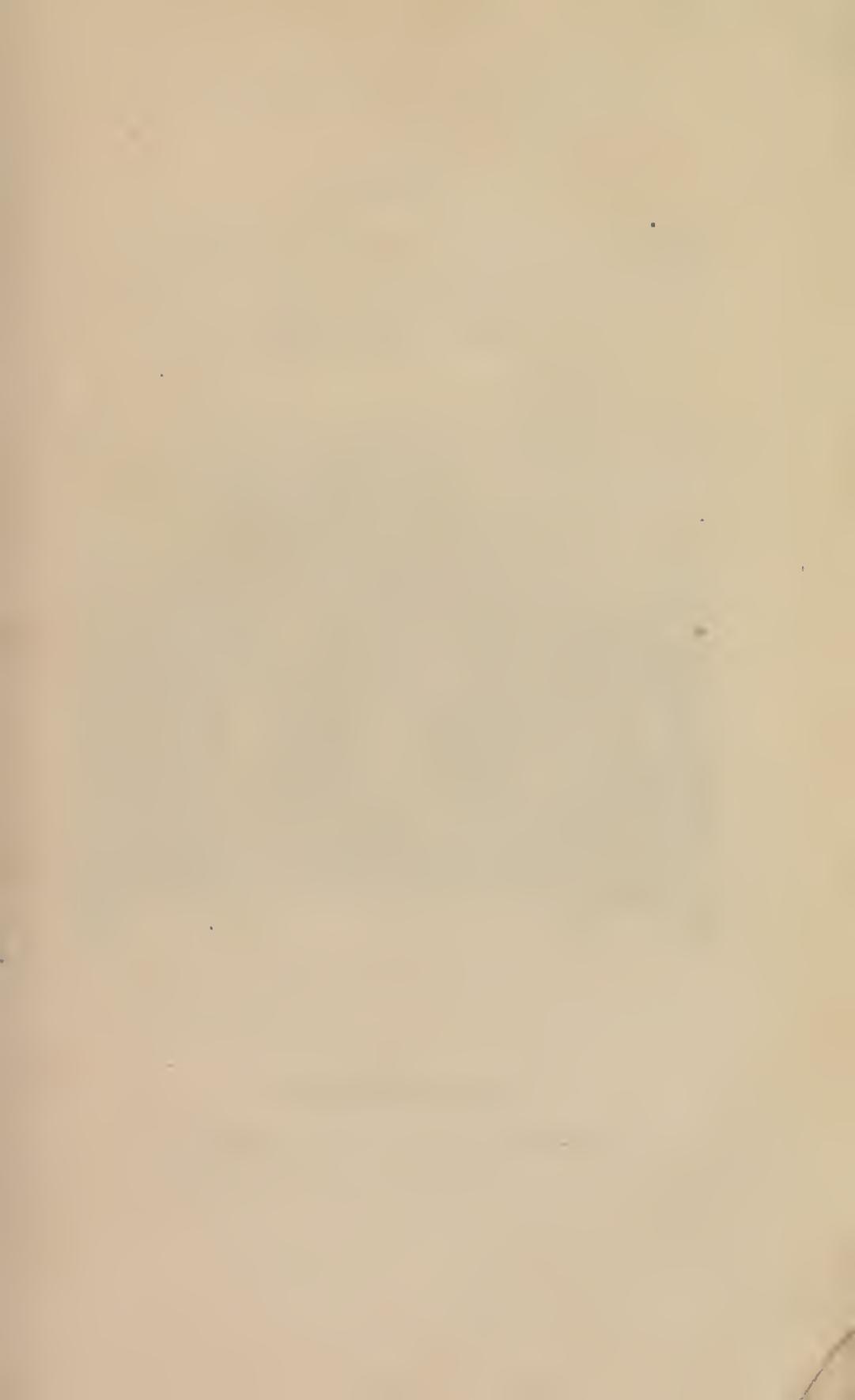
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*R. Cruickshank, Del.*

*G. W. Bonner, Sc.*

## Damon and Pythias.

*Pythias.* I think I'm poisoned ! oh, that coffee !

*Act I. Scene I.*

# DAMON AND PYTHIAS:

A FARCE,

In One Act,

BY JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, ESQ.

*Author of Luke the Labourer, Happiest Day of my Life, Billy Taylor,  
Popping the Question, A Husband at Sight, The Ice Witch,  
Mischief Making, and Open House.*

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PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—  
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE  
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LONDON:

G. H. DAVIDSON, PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS,  
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## REMARKS.

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### Damon and Pythias.

EVERY classical reader—and *what* reader of the present day is *not* classical? knows the story of Damon and Pythias: how Damon, a Pythagorean philosopher, having been condemned to death by the Emperor Dionysius, asked and obtained permission to go home and settle his affairs; leaving Pythias, who had volunteered this singular act of friendship, in pawn for his appearance on a certain day—on which, should no Damon arrive, Pythias is to suffer death in his stead. Damon, having put his house in order, is punctual in his return: a rare instance of fidelity, which so much surprised and charmed the tyrant, that he pardoned Damon, and (hard condition!) requested to become one of his friends!

He who is virtuous knows how to estimate and reward virtue; but virtue's greatest triumph is when it compels vice to pay its involuntary tribute of respect. The conduct of Pythias deserves every praise: but Damon was bound by a triple oath; had he played false, friendship, honour, the life of his friend, had been basely sacrificed. To treachery and falsehood, he would have added the crime of murder: to Damon, therefore, belongs *secondary* praise—while Pythias, for this unexampled proof of confidence and friendship, claims our warmest admiration.

Having presumed that every classical reader knows the *original* story, let us hope that, if he know not, he will at least make haste to know how whimsically Mr. Buckstone hath burlesqued, parodied, travestied, or what you will, this tale of our school-boy reminiscences. This prolific dramatist—a very young man, and a very judicious actor—is at this present writing (1832) parent of nearly *seventy* pieces; and, in his double capacity of author and actor, is a merry little grig, and right welcome. “Why should *high hills be taxed?*” quoth Sir Charles Flower to Alderman Curtis, as the rusticating citizens were tugging up that of Primrose—“Because,”

rejoined the short-breath'd baronet, who had just pocketed his luncheon at Chalk Farm, and to whom " eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot" — " Because" (hob-nob, more green fat, give me a clean plate !) " they are *winders* (windows.)" And why, we ask, should Mr. Buckstone be accounted a *prodigy* in more than one sense of the word ? Because (worthy fellow !) his heart is on the *right* side !

Mr. *Pythias* Smith is gentleman-like and melancholy — a pale, pensive, poetical, *Werter*-faced sort of a man. He wears his shirt-collar turned down, *a-la-Byron*, affects a Parnassian sneer, and a shambling gait, and very possibly shaves his forehead ! He is a Druid of the cockney and washing-tub school, whom the wilds of Kentish Town and the Alps of Highgate have made poetical. Yet can we sympathise with Mr. *Pythias* Smith, having *ourselves* penned the following exquisite " *Sonnet*" under the influence of similar feelings :

*Highgate !* romantic spot ! of old renown\*  
 (About a mile from Kentish Town),  
 Oft have I pac'd thee, pensive, pale, and lorn,  
 Pilgrim of ev'ry valley, hill, and grange ;  
 What time the city coachman winds his horn  
 (Music unmeet for solitude, and strange !)  
 To rouse the sons of Mammon, moping souls  
 From tea and coffee, toast and butter'd rolls,  
 To mount " The Royal Adelaide," that whirls  
 (Cramm'd with puff'd eits, and roof'd with pretty girls !)  
 To Lloyd's, the Bank, the Alley, Mart, Exchange.  
 And, *Hampstead !* fair twin sister ! on whose heath  
 Health, gay enchantress, sports, and fancy dwells ;  
 Then, too, hast crown'd thy baird with laurel wreath,  
 Pluck'd from th' Arcadian bow'r's of Kilburn-Wells—  
 Where, box'd in woodbine abour, nymph and swain,  
 Escap'd awhile from tumult, smoke, and gas,  
 Pour forth th' impulsion'd vow, the vocal strain,  
 Warm with the inspiration of the glass !  
 How short the date of human bliss, alas !  
 For hark, with sound discordant, deep, and sad,  
 Harsh, and hoarse-murm'ring to the whistling wind,  
 Rollis the huge rumbling *Omnibus*—the cad  
 With liquor, dust, half-drunk, half-chok'd, half-blind,  
 Screams, with Stentorian voice, " Jump up, my lad !  
 Room for the lady—hip ! hold fast behind !"

One evening, while rusticating in Vauxhall Gardens, *Pythias* had the gallantry and good fortune to protect a young lady, who had lost her party and was peeping into a puppet-show, from the incivility of a *russian*. With

\* The Editor.

modest hesitation she accepts (though a stranger) his arm ; —they ramble to the twilight promenade—vows of eternal constancy are mutually exchanged—the gentleman (for romance sake) calling himself *Edwin*, the lady christening herself *Emma*—when, lo ! up shoots a sky-rocket, a rush ensues, and the lovers are separated. Such, however, is the indelible impression stamped on the susceptible heart of Mr. *Pythias* Smith, that the lady's image is ever present to his view ; and, like *Tityrus* of old, he teaches the name of his *Amaryllis* to every shade, from Gray's Inn Gardens to those of Kensington. His cousin, Mr. *Damon* Smith, is a clean different sort of a man—he neither sentimentalises nor soliloquises; *but* he had been somewhat particular with a certain innkeeper's lady, Mrs. Clementina Stokes, in whose *album* he had scribbled love-verses—to whose collection of *autographs* he had liberally contributed, in the shape of promises to pay ; and to whom he had read Lord Byron's *Beppo* in the bar. A fair lady intervening, in the person of Miss Jane Timepiece, daughter of a wealthy watchmaker, *Damon* arrives at the *rus in urbe* of his intended father-in-law, accompanied by *Pythias*, whom he had invited to pursue the triumph and partake of the good cheer. Now, the family had either not studied or appreciated the advantages of early rising, for *Damon* and *Pythias*, though the clock had struck seven, encounter nobody at the chateau but a sleepy servant, hight Billy, who provides them with breakfast, and adds, by way of an especial treat, yesterday's paper, containing glorious news for John Bull—*two fires and a murder!* A letter arrives for *Damon*, with Mrs. Stokes's autograph—she had heard of the wedding—will be at the Nag's Head, two miles off —must positively see him *instanter*, or—

“ *Lucretia's dagger—Rosamonda's bowl.*”

What's to be done ? He must conciliate his Dulcinea of Woodford Wells—she may hang herself, and realize the terrible legend of his wicked namesake, *Captain Smith* and *Miss Bailey*. Now comes the trial of friendship :—*Pythias* must supply the place of *Damon*, and if *Damon* return not to time (*one*, precisely, a whimsey of the watchmaker's), *Pythias* must be sacrificed at the altar of matrimony in his stead. *Damon* departs ; *Pythias* presents his letter of introduction to Mr. Timepiece, and is most graciously received. His preliminary step is to

provide for exigencies : he writes to the parish-clerk that the banns will be forbid, and hopes, by that expedient, to gain a short respite. A bailiff is on the look-out—another chance!—he desires to be arrested : temporary incarceration is nothing to imprisonment for life. A man wants to fight him (*Mrs. Stokes's* champion)—what a God-send!—he will be glad of a bout at fisty-cuffs with the gentleman : a sound drubbing and a black eye may possibly delay the ceremony. He runs the gauntlet of congratulation from a host of visitors, who come to behold the immolation of their victim ; and is racked with a full-length caricature of Miss Timepiece, from the mischievous pencil of Billy. The next arrival is *Mrs. Stokes*, no longer a wife but a widow : a previous fit of hysterics has been the safety-valve through which a considerable portion of her passion had escaped ; calm and collected, she relates to *Mr. Timepiece* the sad story of *Damon's* perfidy—she will dispose of her inn, retire to the Continent, and, no longer licensed to sell gin and compounds, fly to Geneva. *Pythias* appears—he is not the gay deceiver ; but, as time flies and his hour is almost come, he implores *Mrs. Stokes* to collar him, to seize him by the hair, and run away with him. As a forlorn hope, he shams being poisoned ; *Miss Jane* rushes in with her hartshorn—who shall paint the sweet surprise of either party, when, in the person of the dreaded *Miss Timepiece*, *Pythias* beholds his nymph of the dark walk—his long-lost, lovely, and romantic *Emma*! He will be married immediately—before the arrival of his friend, *Damon*. Degenerate *Pythias*! how unworthy of the noble name thou bearest!—His own stratagem turns against him ; the clerk has received notice that the banns are forbid, and, to complete his perplexity, *Damon* scampers in to his rescue ; but, “*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaist pas*,” the *mal-apropos* arrival from *Woodford Wells* is cakes and ale to *Pythias*. An interview takes place between *Damon* and the widow : two thousand pounds and the inn await the husband of her choice. The stock and fixtures, the good-will of the inn and of the hostess, and, above all, the cash in hand, find a ready customer in *Damon*, upon whom *Pythias* has treacherously stolen a march, by escorting *Miss Jane* to the altar during his altercation and *eclaircissement* with the hysterical widow.

Mr. Yates made *Pythias* a capital part, when this piece was played at the *Adelphi*; he looked love-lorn and lackadaisical—a perfect picture of prose run mad. We remember *Keats* and *others* of the *Cockney school* parading about *Hampstead* and *Highgate*, some years since, courting observation by appearing to shun society, and indulging their *solitary* pride in the midst of a mob of merry gazers laughing at their oddities. Mr. W. H. Williams has rendered this *Brummagem* bard equally amusing at *Sadler's Wells*. *Buckstone* plays *Billy*; *Andrews*, *Old Timepiece*; and *Johnson*, *Damon*, with great pleasantry. No praise can be too high for *Mrs. Fitzwilliam*, in the *Widow of Woodford* *Wells*; her extraordinary humour rendered this small part exceedingly attractive. *Miss Daly*, in *Jane*, must be content with a less liberal portion of approbation; she is, however, a very competent actress. The drollest part of the performance of *comedy*, now-a-days, is the talking about it; *Covent Garden*, in 1832, could not have played this farce by many degrees so well as the *Adelphi* and *Sadler's Wells*.

 D.—G.

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## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

### EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; F. *the Flat*, or *Scene running across the back of the Stage*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; C. D. *Centre Door*.

### RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

R.C.

C.

L.C.

L.

\* \* The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

## Costume.

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**DAMON.**—Black frock coat—white waistcoat and trousers—black hat—white gloves and neckerchiefs.

**PYTHIAS.**—Light brown body coat—white waistcoat—tight nankeen pantaloons—hessian boots—black neckerchief, with collar turned down *a la* Byron—white hat—white gloves.

**TIMEPIECE.**—Old man's suit—light.

**PIGGOTT.**—Blue body coat—white waistcoat—trousers.

**HAYBITTLE.**—Military undress surtout—white trousers, waistcoat, and gloves—mustachios.

**BILLY.**—*First dress*: Striped waistcoat with sleeves—leather breeches—long gaiters—shoes—red wig—white neckerchief. *Second dress*: Livery coat—hat with large white favour in it.

**MRS. STOKES.**—High half-mourning dress—black hat—white feathers—white kid gloves.

**JANE.**—White leno dress over white satin.

**MISS TIDMARSH.**—White bonnet—white muslin dress.

**M.P.S. PIGGOTT.**—Ditto.

All the Guests in white wedding-dresses.

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## Cast of the Characters,

*As Performed at the Metropolitan Minor Theatres.*

	Adelphi, December 19, 1831.	Sadler's Wells, June 19, 1832.
<i>Damon</i> . . .	Mr. Hemmings.	Mr. Johnson.
<i>Pythias</i> . . .	Mr. Yates.	Mr. W. H. Williams.
<i>Mr. Timepiece</i>	Mr. Gallott.	Mr. Andrews.
<i>Mr. Piggott</i> . . .	Mr. Morris.	Mr. Willson.
<i>Mr. Haybittle</i>	Mr. Norris.	Mr. Simmonds.
<i>Billy</i> . . .	Mr. Buckstone.	Mr. Buckstone.
<i>Mrs. Stokes</i> . . .	Mrs. Fitzwilliam.	Mrs. Fitzwilliam.
<i>Jane</i> . . .	Miss Daly.	Miss Daly.
<i>Miss Tidmarsh</i>	Miss Beaumont.	Miss Mansell.
<i>Mrs. Piggott</i>	Miss Barnett.	Miss Rickey.

*Wedding Guests, Male and Female.*

# DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall—folding-doors, c. r., opening on a Lawn—Garden-gate at the back—doors, 1st and 3d E. R.—and a door, L. S. E.—tables, chairs, &c.*

BILLY discovered, rubbing a table with a furniture-brush, and singing.

*Bil.* My stars ! how shameful it is that people will lay a bed so ! Here have I been up, lighting the fires, polishing the 'hogany, and sweeping the stairs, since seven o' clock—it's now eight, and nobody's stirring.— Old master lays a-bed, 'cause, he says, at his time o' life folks want rest—young missus lays a-bed, 'cause she sits up late—the housemaid lays a-bed, 'cause she says she likes to roll about and think ; and I don't lay a-bed, 'cause I'm 'bliged to get up. I've made the place look tidy, however, for young missus to be married to-day, and on such an occasion every thing should be in apple-pie order. [The gate-bell rings.] There's the gate-bell—if it should be the bridegroom, what will he say to find all the family snoring ?

[*Opens the gate*

Enter DAMON SMITH, with a carpet bag.

*Dam.* (R. c.) This rus in urbe belongs to Mr. Time-piece, I presume ?

*Bil.* (L. c.) Do you call that bag a Russian herb ?

*Dam.* This bag ? No—this cottage.

*Bil.* Oh, yes—the cottage belongs to Mr. Timepiece and so do I.

*Dam.* My name's Smith ; tell the family I'm arrived.

*Bil.* Oh, you're the gentleman that was to have been here a fortnight ago, I suppose ?

*Dam.* Yes, yes—inform the family.

*Bil.* The family's fast asleep.

Dam. And the young lady, too! on her wedding-morning!

Bil. Getting a good nap while she can, poor thing.

Dam. You've some breakfast ready, no doubt?

Bil. Yes: ham, eggs, tea, coffee, water-cresses, French roll, dry toast, and fresh butter.

Dam. Let them approach.

Bil. [Taking the carpet bag.] The poor gentleman looks in tolerable good spirits, considering the situation he's in.

[Exit Billy, L.]

Dam. But where's my cousin Pythias? whom I have brought here to witness my immolation. Poor fellow! since his visit to Vauxhall Gardens, he has scarcely been himself. Ah! here he comes, sentimentalizing and soliloquizing, like a cockney Hamlet! Pythias!

Enter PYTHIAS, C. F., his collar turned down, *a la Byron*, pale and melancholy.

Pyt. Damon!

Dam. Cousin, cousin, you must not look so misanthropical; one would think that you were about to part with your liberty instead of your Damon.

Pyt. [Sighing.] Ah! if I were, and to my Emma—oh, Emma!

Dam. Oh, Emma! nonsense—what do you owe Emma? Think of what you owe me: all your assistance and friendly counsel to support my spirits during this awful day.

Pyt. Damon, you ought to be a happy fellow; you are going to marry a girl with a nice little independence—

Dam. Whom I have never yet seen.

Pyt. So much the better; there will be more novelty for your eyes during the honeymoon. Think of Cato—“Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover, fades on the eye, and palls”—

Dam. Cut Cato, and listen to me: you know I'm to be married this day—

Pyt. At one o'clock.

Dam. Precisely. Mr. Timepiece, my father-in-law, is a punctual and retired tradesman—an ex-watchmaker; and whose wish is, that an ancient intercourse may be renewed between our families, by my becoming the husband of his daughter Jane—

Pyt. Jane! what a name! With a woman called Jane, I should always be thinking of a mop, pail, and

pattens. Ugh! makes me shudder. What a contrast to the poetic cognomen of Emma!

*Dam.* I ought to have been here a fortnight ago, to have carried on a little preliminary courtship; but being arrested on some overdue bills, I but last night obtained bail, and this morning behold me at my post.

*Pyt.* Ah! you were always an extravagant fellow.—Whilst you sought the expensive excitements of demi-fashionable society, I was content with the humbler and more arcadian delights of Vauxhall Gardens; and when I think of the physoramas, the variegated lamps, and the dark walks—oh!

*Dam.* Why that sigh?

*Pyt.* 'Twas there I met my Emma

*Dam.* Who is this Emma?

*Pyt.* Don't ask me. One of the sweetest girls I ever saw, with eyes like gas-lights, and a complexion like—like—

*Enter BILLY, with breakfast, L.*

*Bil.* Coffee, sir—

*Pyt.* No, booby.

*Dam.* Put it down.

*Bil.* Yes, sir; you'll find it all very nicely served up; and I've such a treat for you in the kitchen.

*Dam.* What is it?

*Bil.* Yesterday's paper—I'll get it for you—charming news—two fires and a murder! [Exit *Billy*, L.]

*Dam.* Now, Pythias, fall to—

*Pyt.* You pour out, while I recount my sad history.

*Dam.* [Pouring out.] Sugar?

*Pyt.* Yes, two lumps. You know, Damon, I ever possessed a susceptible heart.

*Dam.* Yes, yes, I understand—always following servant maids about.

*Pyt.* I've left that off now, sir—since one summer's night I strolled to my favourite haunt.

*Dam.* Aunt Peter's?

*Pyt.* No—Vauxhall Gardens. Being melancholy with the music, I turned my attention to the twilight promenade, and there I perceived a sweet girl, peeping at some pictures in a sort of puppet-show—a huge villain elbowed her from her position—the sweet creature looked at him reproachfully, then uttered a faint cry; I inquired the cause—she timidly told me that she had lost her

party while looking at the paintings, and that she really didn't know what to do.

*Dam.* Favourable opportunity !

*Pyt.* Wasn't it ? I offered my arm ; after a little becoming hesitation, it was accepted, and we strolled towards a large anchor of blue lamps. By its light, I perceived she was enchanting—lovely—every other girl was forgotten—even Jenny, who used to sit up for us.

*Dam.* And she was a nice girl.

*Pyt.* Wasn't she a duck ? Well, by the time we had reached the Hermit, we had reciprocally vowed eternal love ; she asked me my name—I gave a feigned one, and called myself Edwin—she replied that her's was Emma ; I squeezed her fingers—I pressed them with my elbow against my side—I heard her responsive sigh—I was about to throw myself at her feet, when, whiz ! up went a sky-rocket in the air—a hundred people rushed by us—I was bumped from one side of the pathway to the other, and we were separated ; in my rage, I struck at people indiscriminately. I was collared by the constables, taken to the watch-house ; and I have never seen the dear creature from that day to this.

*Dam.* But her image has been impressed on your heart ?

*Pyt.* Never to be erased.

*Dam.* Now eat some toast.

*Re-enter BILLY, with a letter, L.*

*Bil.* Here's a letter been laying here a week for Mr. Smith.

*Dam.* It must be for me—put it down.

*Bil.* Master's getting up, sir—I saw him shaving at the window ; he'll not be long now. [Exit, c. f.]

*Dam.* [Looking at the letter.] Ah !

*Pyt.* [Spilling his coffee.] What's the matter ?

*Dam.* I dare not open that letter.

*Pyt.* Why not ?

*Dam.* Look at it.

*Pyt.* 'Tis from a woman, by its folding. Written on half a sheet of paper—doubled up in a knot—sealed with a wafer, and pricked with a needle. Oh, Damon !

*Dam.* I know the writing—'tis from Mrs. Stokes.

*Pyt.* What ! the innkeeper's wife at Woodford Wells ?

*Dam.* You know, Pythias, when I was travelling-clerk to a distiller, I frequently stopped at her husband's

house : we became mutually attached ; and I went so far as to promise, that should she survive her husband, I would make her Mrs. Damon Smith. She has no doubt heard of my intended marriage, and this is a letter of reproach. Open it ; I dare not.

*Pyt.* [Reading.] "*Monster*"—that's you—"on Friday I shall be at the Nag's Head, two miles from the house of your intended father-in-law ; if I do not see you before one o'clock on that day, I shall cease to exist—**CLEMENTINA STOKES.**" Poor dear !

*Dam.* What shall I do ? Pythias, my dear Pythias, I must instantly set off for the Nag's Head—she's a desperate woman ; I know her temper. It's now nine o'clock ; you must make some excuse to Mr. Timepiece for my absence.

*Pyt.* How can I ? he's so punctual.

*Dam.* And has determined that my wedding shall take place this day at one.

*Pyt.* The match will be off entirely, if you disappoint him.

*Dam.* And I shall be ruined. I have it : while I run to prevent the suicide of Mrs. Stokes, you must take my place, and represent me.

*Pyt.* What ! introduce myself as you ?

*Dam.* Yes—here is my uncle's letter to Mr. Timepiece. [Giving the letter.] He has never seen either of us since we were boys. You can keep the affair going till I return ; I will positively be back before one ; invent some ingenious excuse for making you my substitute, and marry Miss Jane—

*Pyt.* But suppose you should not return in time ; then I shall be executed in your place.

*Dam.* My dear boy, you may depend on me : I give you my word, as a cousin and a gentleman, to make all the haste I can.

*Pyt.* Poor Mrs. Stokes musn't kill herself !

*Dam.* She certainly will, if I neglect her letter.

*Pyt.* Don't take up too much time in coaxing her ; for if you don't come back by one, think of the horrid situation I shall be in !

*Dam.* Hark ! some one comes—'tis the old gentleman. Farewell, dear Pythias ; you may depend on my return.

*Pyt.* Run, run ; you are even now wasting time.

*Dam.* I'll be back in an hour and a half, at latest.

[Exit Damon, c. f.

*Pyt.* Do, do, for gracious' sake ! Suppose Mrs. Stokes should detain him forcibly, lock him up, or stab him, what should I do ? I can't marry a strange girl, while my head's full of Emma ; and I shall never have the courage to undeceive them, when once I've introduced myself as Damon ; I'll run away—I won't stop—

[*Timepiece heard without, r.*]

*Tim.* Where is Mr. Smith ?

*Pyt.* Here he is—escape's impossible !

*Enter MR. TIMEPIECE, r.*

*Tim.* Ah, my dear Damon, welcome to the house of your father-in-law ! We have been expecting you this fortnight, but business, I suppose—

*Pyt.* Yes, sir, I was detained. [*Giving a letter.*] Here's uncle's letter.

*Tim.* [*Opening the letter.*] I hope he's recovered from his alarming illness ?

*Pyt.* Yes, sir.

*Tim.* [*Reading.*] Ah, better, I see. When you are married, and he is quite well, we must have a cosey family meeting. My daughter will be ready at ten, and at twelve we shall punctually commence preliminaries.

*Pyt.* Commence at twelve, did you say ? I understood the affair was not to take place till one.

*Tim.* I wish to call at my lawyer's in my way to church—that will detain us a little; and then, by one precisely, the happy ceremony will be concluded.

*Pyt.* [*Aside.*] I hope Damon will make haste ; I feel quite nervous.

*Tim.* You have been a wild dog, I hear ; but you must give over all your vagaries now, and become domesticated.

*Pyt.* Certainly, sir.

*Tim.* Though I have no objection to young men being a little rakish before matrimony, they must sow their wild oats—

*Pyt.* Always taking care to have the harvest gathered in before the matrimonial season commences.

*Tim.* Of course. I long for you to see my Jane, though, like all young girls, she thinks she ought to be allowed a little courting time.

*Pyt.* It certainly would be more agreeable ; suppose we take a week or so ?

*Tim.* And defer the marriage ? Oh, no : I've set my

heart upon its taking place to-day ; I was married myself this day twenty years at one o'clock ; I was born this day at one o'clock ; and I wish my daughter to be made happy precisely at the same moment. Under these circumstances, I am sure you'll not allow me to be disappointed.

*Pyt.* [Taking out his watch.] How the time gallops on ! half an hour gone already.

Enter BILLY, c. f.

*Tim.* [To Billy.] Well, have you seen the parish clerk ?

*Bil.* (r.) Yes, sir, and nobody has forbid the banns yet.

*Tim.* I didn't expect that any one would, but I like to be certain. [Billy clears away the breakfast and exit, l.

*Pyt.* [Aside.] Forbid the banns ! Perhaps I can forbid the banns.

*Tim.* I know it's genteeler to procure a licence, Mr. Smith, but I was myself married by banns, and it has ever been my wish that my daughter's union should be published in the same simple and honest manner.

*Pyt.* I'll write a letter to the clerk myself ; I'll tell him to defer the marriage till two, when some one will certainly appear to state why the marriage should not take place ; this will give Damon an hour, and make all sure.

*Tim.* Ah, here comes a coach full of my friends ; I'll run and welcome them ; excuse me a moment ; Jane will soon be ready to be introduced.—I see them all looking out of the coach window and kissing their hands.—Ah, how d'ye do ? how d'ye do ? [Exit, running, c. f.

*Pyt.* What will become of me ? A coach full of clean friends, all come to congratulate me on my felicity ! I'll forbid the banns. Hollo ! boy, boy !

Re-enter BILLY, l.

*Pyt.* Pen, ink, and paper.

*Bil.* Immediately, sir.

*Pyt.* It's the only way to secure myself. I wonder what sort of girl she is—I'll ask the servant.

Enter BILLY, with writing materials, l.

*Pyt.* What's your name ?

*Bil.* William.

*Pyt.* Ay, ay, that's Billy ; they call you Billy ?

*Bil.* Yes, low-life people—

*Pyt.* Is your young mistress pretty ?

*Bil.* [Aside.] He hasn't seen her—I'll have some fun. Middling.

*Pyt.* Oh, not a beauty ?

*Bil.* By no means—though she'd be very well if she didn't squint.

*Pyt.* Squint ! Does she squint ?

*Bil.* Most awful ! Then she's got such a bad habit, at dinner-time, of picking her teeth with a fork.

*Pyt.* A nasty beast ! She's a perfect savage !

*Bil.* You should see her dance !

*Pyt.* Dances, does she ?

*Bil.* Ay, and uncommonly well, too ; only her ankles are so thick—terrible gummy.

*Pyt.* Give me the pen and ink. Billy, what's the clerk's name ?

*Bil.* Mr. Chaunter.

*Pyt.* [Writes.] Oh !

*Bil.* Then you are the gentleman what's to marry our young missus, I suppose ?

*Pyt.* Yes, William.

*Bil.* Well, I hope she'll take a fancy to you.

*Pyt.* I hope she won't. [Folding a letter and wafering it.] There, now, I feel happier. William, run with this to Mr. Chaunter.

*Bil.* [Removing the table, L.] I can't go myself; I'll send the gardener. You want the bells rung, I suppose, sir.

*Pyt.* Yes, a triple bob major ; but don't tell your master—I wish to surprise him.

*Bil.* I'll take care, sir. [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha ! When he sees Miss Jane, how he'll stare ! [Exit, c. f.]

*Pyt.* I think I'm safe now. Squints ! Zounds ! if Damon don't return, the affair will get serious. Oh, here comes my dreadful father-in-law, with a mob at his heels. [Talking and laughing heard without.] Now I shall have to be introduced to a dozen friends and relations. I shall faint away, that will be the end of it.

Enter TIMEPIECE, c. f., showing in in Mr. and Mrs. PIGGOTT, Mr. HAYBITTLE, and Miss TIDMARSH.

*Tim.* Walk in, my friends, walk in—allow me, Mr. Smith, to introduce you—Mr. and Mrs. Piggott, Mr.

Damon Smith, my son-in-law ; Mr. Haybittle, my son-in-law ; Miss Tidmarsh, my son-in-law—

*Pyt.* How d'ye do, Miss Tidmarsh ? hope you're well—delighted to see you. [Aside.] It's getting awful—all the wretches seem to gaze at me with a savage delight—they look as if they could grill and eat me.

*Re-enter BILLY—Timepiece talks apart with the guests.*

*Pyt.* I hate the sight of that Miss Tidmarsh.

*Bil.* Mr. Smith !

*Pyt.* Well.

*Bil.* There's been a bumbailiff here.

*Pyt.* Tell him to come and arrest me instantly.

*Bil.* You can't mean that, sir.

*Pyt.* I do—indeed, I do.

*Bil.* He asked for you, I guessed his business, and have put him on a wrong scent.

*Pyt.* Unlucky !

*Bil.* And there's another man waiting about, who says he wants to fight you.

*Pyt.* To fight me.

*Bil.* Yes, he's a fencing master, and says a Mrs. Stokes has employed him to challenge you as you go to be married.

*Pyt.* A pretty pickle I'm in—marriage on one side of me, and murder on the other : tell him, if he'll box me, I shall esteem it a great favour to receive a thrashing from him—if I can get into a pugilistic encounter, it will delay the wedding, and the bride may, perhaps, fall in a fit—tell him so, will you, Billy ? no swords—fists.

*Bil.* I'll be your bottleholder, sir. [Exit *Billy*, c. f.

*Pyt.* I think I'm pretty safe now.

*Tim.* Come, my friends, let us walk into the drawing-room—come, son-in-law.

[A female in hysterics heard without—all the party are amazed and divide the stage.

*Enter BILLY, c. f.*

*Bil.* Oh, my eye !

*Tim.* What's the matter ?

*Bil.* Here's a lady in our garden going on such fagarvos—she says she wants to see you, sir. [To *Timepiece*.] All about Mr. Smith's perfidious parjury, and her name's Stokes.

*Tim.* Stokes !

*Bil.* And she keeps an inn at Woodford Wells.

*Tim.* I know the lady well—ask her in.

*Bil.* She says she wants a consequential interview with you alone.

*Tim.* Oho! there's some mystery coming out—I'm afraid, Mr. Smith, you have been too gay—ask the lady in, Billy.

*Bil.* Yes, sir.

[Exit, c. f.]

*Tim.* Mr. Smith, pray walk in that apartment till I've had this interview. [Opening the door, L.] Don't tremble, sir.

*Pyt.* Tremble, I'm delighted. [Aside.] I shall bless Mrs. Stokes as long as I live—certainly I'll step in here. [Singing.] Tol de rol lol!—I'm out of danger now, or the devil's in it—dear Mrs. Stokes. [Exit, L.]

*Tim.* Do me the favour to step in here, my friends.

[Exeunt all the party, R. D.]

Enter MRS. STOKES, supported by BILLY, c. f.

*Tim.* Ah, my dear madam! how d'ye do?

*Mrs. S.* How d'ye do, Mr. Timepiece?

*Tim.* What's the matter?—Sit down and explain yourself.

*Mrs. S.* [Sitting.] Thank'e, I'm quite exhausted, quite overcome; the mental conflict I endured before I could summon courage to appear here, has been too much for me.

*Tim.* Indeed!

*Mrs. S.* And the sight of the house containing the destroyer of my peace so overpowered me, that I shrieked and fell—I'm afraid I've crushed all your tulips.

*Tim.* My valuable emperors—provoking!

*Mrs. S.* But I'll send you a few geraniums, as some little recompense.

*Tim.* Am I to understand that Mr. Smith is the destroyer of your peace?

*Mrs. S.* I blush, as I admit the fact.

*Tim.* Indeed! I'll call him in.

*Mrs. S.* Not yet, sir, I beg; I am not sufficiently recovered to endure such an encounter.

*Tim.* Have you lost the worthy Mr. Stokes?

*Mrs. S.* Nearly six months, sir—he was a good soul, but you know, my dear sir, my friends insisted on our union—it was a match of convenience, and, though I respected him, yet there was no mutual passion, no over-

powering ebullitions of rapture in the society of each other.

*Tim.* (R.) But such raptures are always rare in married life.

*Mrs. S.* A year ago I became acquainted with Mr. Damon Smith—his attentions were delicate and respectful—he presented me with elegant annuals, copied verses in my album, collected celebrated autographs for me, and read Byron's *Beppo* in the bar to Stokes and I.

*Tim.* Very intellectual and pleasant.

*Mrs. S.* Till one delightful summer's night—

*Tim.* Mrs. Stokes!

*Mrs. S.* He promised, that should I ever be left alone in the world, he would fly, on the wings of affection and friendship, to make me Mrs. Smith, after a proper period had elapsed; I was at length a widow—five months passed away, and no Mr. Smith—this I was not sorry for, it was not my wish to see him till I could do so with propriety; but what was my horror, a week ago, on being informed that he was about to marry your daughter? My feelings conquered my pride, and I am here, sir, to reproach him with his infidelity, to caution your daughter to keep a strict eye upon him, and then I shall dispose of my inn, fly to the continent, forget Smith and the bar, and end my days on the romantic shores of the Lake of Geneva.

*Tim.* But I don't see that you have any just cause to create any disturbance here on a day like this.

*Mrs. S.* [Starting up.] You don't see, sir—how can a poor short-sighted creature like you be expected to see? can you define the mysterious emotions of the human heart? can your philosophy comprehend the universe of a woman's mind? can you understand her passion, her pride, and her gentleness—eh, eh, sir? [Violently.] No!—how should you? But where is Mr. Smith? where is the perfidious man?—let him approach, that I may unmask him!

*Re-enter PYTHIAS, L. D.*

*Tim.* There he is, ma'am—turn your rage on the right person, I beg.—What a tigress!

*Mrs. S.* [Turns sharply to Pythias, but suddenly retreats and curtesies.] I beg pardon, sir. [To Timepiece.] Who is this gentleman?

*Tim.* You ought to know—'tis Mr. Smith?

*Mrs. S.* But not my Mr. Smith.

*Pyt.* I'm Damon Smith, madam.

*Mrs. S.* But not my Damon Smith.

*Pyt.* Yes, ma'am, I am. [Aside to *Mrs. Stokes*.] Seize me by the hair, collar me, run away with me.

*Mrs. S.* I don't comprehend you, sir;—Mr. Timepiece, I beg you ten thousand pardons, I have made a mistake—but the name of Smith is so universal—pray forgive me.

*Pyt.* [Aside.] She won't have me, and I shall be sacrificed—if they take me to church, I'll scream.

*Tim.* [Opening the door, R.] It's a mistake, my friends. You may come out.

Re-enter all the Guests, R. D.

*Pyt.* [Seizing the hand of *Mrs. Stokes*.] Dear Mr. Stokes, say that I belong to you, and I'll adore you.

*Mrs. S.* Sir!

*Tim.* [To *Mrs. Stokes*.] Pray, madam, step into this apartment and take a little refreshment, till we return.

*Mrs. S.* Thank'e, sir; I hope I have not disarranged your delightful little preparations—I should be shocked if I had, but I shall be a very different person when you return.

*Tim.* You'll find a piano in there, madam.

*Mrs. S.* Delightful!—During your absence I'll practise a few appropriate airs—adieu!

[She curtesies and goes off, R. D.—Timepiece bowing politely  
—Pythias in an agony.

Re-enter BILLY, C. F.

*Pyt.* [L.—Aside to *Billy*.] Has my letter been delivered to the clerk?

*Bil.* He was not at home, and most likely won't get it till after the ceremony.

*Pyt.* Oh!

*Bil.* But that will be time enough.

*Pyt.* Where's the man that's to fight me?

*Bil.* The lady what went into fits told him to go.

*Pyt.* [Looking at his watch.] I'm sacrificed—it's twelve o'clock.

*Tim.* My daughter is quite ready, Mr. Smith, and now we'll start; you'll have plenty of time to get acquainted with each other on your way to the happy spot.

*Pyt.* [Aside.] I'll pick somebody's pocket, and get taken up—I'll—I must resort to a ruse. [Groaning.] Oh!

*Tim.* What's the matter ?

*Pyt.* Nothing particular ; my head swam—a chair ! a chair ! I'm fainting.

*Tim.* [Placing a chair—*Pythias falls into it.*] Fainting !—Your smelling-bottle, Miss Tidmarsh ?

*Pyt.* Oh !

*Tim.* Billy, run for Dr. Squills.

*Bil.* Dr. Squills !

*Pyt.* I think I'm poisoned—oh, that coffee !

*Tim.* What coffee—at breakfast ?

*Pyt.* At breakfast !

*Bil.* The coffee was very good, sir.

*Pyt.* Oh ! I knew there was some poisonous animalculæ in it ; send for a physician—the wedding must be deferred.

*Tim.* Be composed, you may be better presently.

*Pyt.* Give me air—give me air—don't crowd round me so—oh ! my head !—all the house is turning upside down—ah ! I'm walking on the ceiling—oh ! Miss Tidmarsh, don't attempt to follow me, you don't know the horrid sensation—water ! water !

*Bil.* I'll fetch Dr. Squills.

[Runs off, C. F.

*Tim.* Untie his handkerchief—Jane, Jane ! where's your hartshorn ?—Jane, my dear, your intended is suddenly taken ill.

Enter JANE, R. U. E., followed by her bridesmaids.

*Tim.* Mr. Smith, my daughter's here ; try to rally and look at her, it may make you better.

*Pyt.* [Hiding his face in his hands.] Don't come near me.

*Jane.* [Obtaining a view of his face, screams.] Ah !

*Pyt.* [Looking at her] Ah !

*Jane.* (R.) Edwin !

*Pyt.* [Starting up, L. c.] Emma !

*Tim.* (c.) Emma !—Who's Emma ?

*Pyt.* Can I believe my eyes ? Is this reality ? Miss Tidmarsh, take your odious bonnet out of the way, and let me gaze upon my Emma. [He approaches and takes her hand.] Is it the beloved of my soul ? [Softly to her.] Is it ? Do you remember Vauxhall Gardens ?

*Jane.* I do.

*Pyt.* And the dark walk ?

*Jane.* Yes.

*Pyt.* And the sky-rocket ?

*Jane.* Alas !

*Pyt.* [Singing.] Tol lol de riddle de dee.  
 [Pythias begins to caper about, to the astonishment of every one.]

Re-enter BILLY, running, C. F.

*Bil.* Dr. Squills an't at home.

*Pyt.* [Seizing Billy by the throat.] Villain!

*Bil.* Oh !

*Pyt.* Traducer ! does she squint ? Has she thick ankles ?  
 [He shakes Billy, who breaks away and runs off—Pythias chases him to the door, C. F., then runs forward again, and throws himself at Jane's feet.]

*Tim.* I don't know what to make of all this—Hush ! delicacy—they are mutually struck with each other, and are in a state of temporary delirium—let us retire ; I knew the sight of his bride would restore him—hush ! gently. [Exeunt all but Jane and Pythias on tiptoe, R.

*Pyt.* Oh, Emma ! how can I sufficiently value the happy chance which has re-united us ?

*Jane.* You told me that your name was Edwin.

*Pyt.* Forgive the deception, dear ; I thought it was a name more congenial to the romance of our meeting—but you, also, called yourself Emma.

*Jane.* From the same motive, believe me ; but little did I think the Edwin of Vauxhall was my destined husband.

*Pyt.* [Aside.] Zounds ! I must now make haste and get married before Damon returns.

*Jane.* You have been expected here this fortnight.

*Pyt.* I know it, my dearest—but—but I dreaded this wedding—I shrunk from it, knowing that my heart had not been consulted, had the slightest whisper reached me that it was my Emma to whom my uncle had betrothed me, where would have been the obstacle that should have detained me ? [Aside.] I won't tell her I'm not the right man. But we must be married directly, dearest. [Calling.] Father-in-law, Mr. Timepiece, we're ready—I want to be married.

Re-enter TIMEPIECE and the Guests, R. D.

*Pyt.* [Rushing into the arms of Timepiece.] Oh, my dear father-in-law ! I'm in raptures with my bride !—Pray excuse the little singularities which you have observed in me this morning ; the sight of your daughter has restored me to life love, and happiness. Bless your old shoebuckles !

*Tim.* My dear Mr. Smith !—But it's getting late—we must away. Now, friends—now, Jane. [Embracing him.]

BILLY appears at the back with a letter in his hand—the party divide again.

Tim. What now?

Bil. Oh, my gracious! such a circumstance!

Tim. What's the matter?

Bil. Here's a letter from the parish-clerk—he says the banns are forbid.

[*Gives the letter to Timepiece, who eagerly opens it and reads.*

Pyt. My own letter!—Stupid!—What shall I do now? Damon will return before I can get married, and I shall be wretched for life!

Tim. [*Reading the letter.*] "Some one will appear at two o'clock." I must see into this. Dear me—dear me!—Here's the mainspring of our motives snapped!—Jane, go to your chamber.—I must inquire into this affair—I'll run to the clerk—my friends, follow me, or you can amuse yourselves in the garden till I come back.—Mr. Smith, please to remain here.

Pyt. Can't my dearest love be left with me?

Tim. No, no; propriety forbids, at present. [*Puts Jane and the bridesmaids into the room, R. U. E.*] Come, my friends, I'll make all the haste I can. Dear me—dear me!—The banns forbid! [Exit, followed by the Guests, c. F.

Pyt. Wretched idiot that I am!—I shall go distracted. Chance has restored my Emma to my arms, and fate seems striving to tear her from them again. I could cry! If Damon returns, all will be explained. But as Mrs. Stokes is here, where can he be all this time?—Perhaps the bailiff has met him, and he's arrested. I have it—a great thought!—I'll run away with Emma at once! Her father's not in the house—the wedding party are busy in the garden, picking the gooseberries—'tis my only resource. [Tapping at the door, R. U. E.] Dear life, open the door! [Looking out, c. F.] Horror! what do I see? Damon running in the distance—he seems breathless with haste—he sees me—he waves his hat—he thinks he has saved me, but I am ruined!

[Falls in a chair, L.

Enter DAMON, running, and out of breath—he falls in another chair, R.—Pythias regards him with consternation.

Dam. (R.) Phew! what a run I've had!—It's half-past twelve. I'm back in time, however. But what are you doing here alone? Are none of the family up yet?

*Pyt.* (L.) Oh, don't ask me!

*Dam.* Have they discovered you?

*Pyt.* No—no. Oh, Emma!

*Dam.* Is that all? — Pooh! — That tiresome Mrs. Stokes had left the Nag's Head half an hour before I arrived there. As I returned, I saw a bailiff—he was looking for me; I dodged him, and at length succeeded in scampering here—that event detained me so long.—Now, my dear Pythias, I must make some clever excuse for substituting you in my place, and proceed with the marriage. But why that fixed and wretched countenance? Something has happened. What's the matter? [Mrs. Stokes is heard singing, R., "Oh, the days are gone, when beauty bright my heart's chain wove," &c. &c.] That voice!

*Pyt.* It's Mother Stokes.

*Dam.* Horror! — Is she here?

*Pyt.* Don't you hear she is?

*Dam.* What has she done?

*Pyt.* Only made herself very agreeable, and is practising songs to sing at the wedding. She's seen me, and thinks there has been a mistake.

*Dam.* I must get rid of her. My dear cousin, pray continue my substitute a little longer.

*Pyt.* That I will, dear Damon.

*Dam.* I must have an interview with this woman.

*Pyt.* You must—indeed, you must.

*Dam.* Can't you be ill, and get the wedding deferred?

*Pyt.* No—illness won't do: I've tried it once, and failed.

*Dam.* Zounds! I shall go mad!

*Pyt.* So shall I.

*Dam.* Pooh! — What's your situation to mine?

*Pyt.* Your situation! — Mine's worse than murder!

*Timepiece.* [Without.] Come along, my friends; it's all settled.

Enter *TIMEPIECE* and the *Guests*, c. F.

*Tim.* The opposition was anonymous, and therefore I've overruled it. Now we can proceed. [Seeing Damon.] Ah, who is this gentleman?

*Pyt.* (L.) He? — Oh, he's my cousin.

*Tim.* (R. c.) What, little Pythias, I suppose? — Glad to see you, sir. Jane, my dear, every thing is settled at

last. Now, Mr. Smith, [To Pythias.] we must make all the haste we can.

*Pyt.* Yes, let's make all the haste we can.

Enter JANE from her apartment, R. U. E.

*Dam.* (R.) Eh!—My wife's pretty, at all events!

*Tim.* Now, Mr. Smith, we must laugh at the little obstacles of the morning, and proceed with the ceremony. It's a quarter to one; we shall scarcely have time to call at my friend's, the lawyer's; now, file off—Jane with me, Damon with Miss Tidmarsh—will you follow us, my friend?

[To Damon.]

*Dam.* Yes, sir, presently.

*Tim.* Come, Jane, my love.

[Exeunt all but Damon, c. f., Pythias following with Miss Tidmarsh.]

*Dam.* [Running to Pythias.] Don't be alarmed, Pythias, I'll get rid of Mrs. Stokes in time; you have to call at the lawyer's; detain the party there as long as you can

*Pyt.* [Going.] Of course—of course.

*Dam.* (R.) And, cousin—

*Pyt.* Yes, yes, I know—I know, depend on me—look, look, they are stopping to see where I am—I'm coming, Miss Tidmarsh, I'm coming. [Pythias runs off, c. f.]

*Dam.* Now, where is this unfortunate woman? Ah! she's here.

Enter MRS. STOKES, R. D., with a music-book in her hand, singing—she sees Damon, drops the music-book, and shrieks.

*Mrs. S.* Ah!—a chair—I'm fainting! [Damon hands her a chair—she falls in it.] Oh! what a sudden shock—Damon, I didn't expect to see you.

*Dam.* Be composed, dear Clem.

*Mrs. S.* I'm better now; I have been in such agonies, I heard that you were about to be married—but hold, what horrid thought strikes on my whirling brain? for what purpose are you here? speak, and truly, or I shall fall inanimate at your feet.

*Dam.* I've come to my cousin's wedding, dear.

*Mrs. S.* Not your own?

*Dam.* N—no.

*Mrs. S.* No, no, I knew it couldn't be; I was assured you had not a heart so treacherous, so lost to all the common humanities of nature and sentiment; but when

the dreadful report reached me, I was distracted—I was, indeed.

[Crying.]

*Dam.* Clem, dear Clem, don't weep.

*Mrs. S.* But it was delusion all; the dreadful phantasy has passed away, and I wake to a blissful reality. [Laughs.] Ha, ha, ha! my poor emotions, I can't restrain them.

*Dam.* [Aside.] How shall I get rid of her?

*Mrs. S.* Damon, I've lost poor Stokes.

*Dam.* Indeed! [Aside.] Perhaps she'll make me keep my rash promise to her—I must break away.

*Mrs. S.* You seem agitated—the sight of me, no doubt—be composed.

*Dam.* Bless me! I had something to say to Pythias before the ceremony commenced, it escaped my memory—I must run after him.

*Mrs. S.* Wait till he returns.

*Dam.* It will then be too late.

*Mrs. S.* Then let us run together.

*Dam.* No, no!

*Mrs. S.* Why not?

*Dam.* What shall I do? [The clock strikes one.] It's one o'clock—poor Pythias! I must leave you for the present, Mrs. Stokes; meet me in an hour, at the Nag's Head.

*Mrs. S.* What necessity is there for that?

*Dam.* Because I must run after my cousin.

*Mrs. S.* No, no—stay, stay, I've something more to tell you—I am a widow.

*Dam.* Well?

*Mrs. S.* The inn is mine—

*Dam.* Ha! that's something.

*Mrs. S.* And, to my astonishment, I find myself worth—

*Dam.* How much?

*Mrs. S.* Two thousand pounds.

*Dam.* [Falling at her feet.] Thine for ever!

[Shouts heard without.]

Enter BILLY, running, with a white favour in his hat, C. F.

*Bil.* [Waving his hat.] Huzza! it's all over—young missus is married; I must get ready the cake and wine and the nutcrackers—young missus for ever!—she's got a husband and I've got a guinea—huzza! [Runs off, L.]

Enter PYTHIAS, peeping on, C. F.

Dam. He's married, poor fellow, I see it in his countenance.

Pyt. Damon, "I've done the deed--didst thou not hear a noise?" Jane's mine.

Dam. [Aside.] How shall I endure his reproaches?

Pyt. [Aside.] What will he say to me for going on with the ceremony?

Dam. [Aside to him.] Pythias, I could not get rid of Mrs. Stokes in time; but your marriage may yet be set aside.

Pyt. If you've no objection, I'd rather that it shouldn't—I've made my first dip in the water of matrimony, 'tis not so cold as I thought it to be, allow me to continue my bath, and then you can marry Mrs. Stokes—do, do.

Dam. And will you keep Jane?

Pyt. Will I not?—Shall it be so?

Dam. Yes.

Pyt. Come to my arms! [They embrace.] You have made me the happiest of men—your Jane is my Emma.

Dam. No!

Pyt. Yes! [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha! an't it droll? The most extraordinary circumstance—I'm the happiest fellow alive.

Enter JANE, conducted by the bridesmaids and followed by the guests—Pythias runs to her, and takes her hand.

Pyt. Cousin, allow me to introduce my bride.

Tim. [Without.] Hold, hold, hold!

Re-enter TIMEPIECE, rushing on with the marriage certificate in his hand.

Tim. Here's some horrid mistake—look, look! I was so agitated during the ceremony, that I did not observe, till I saw the certificate, that the marriage had been solemnized in the name of Pythias, instead of Damon, Smith.

Pyt. It's quite right, father; it's perfectly right.

Tim. Right?—no, it's perfectly wrong; I must have the matter clearly understood—Jane, come to me.

Pyt. Stand off! this lady is my bride, my own, my chosen one, and where exists the individual who would dare to part us?

Dam. Hold! Mr. Timepiece, I must explain:—in me

you behold the erring Damon Smith ; circumstances placed Pythias in my situation ; an engagement with this lady prevents my complying with my uncle's wish ; but the marriage is still in the family, and your object will be obtained.

*Pyt.* And when you are perfectly acquainted with my moral character, sir, I am convinced you will rejoice in the change.

*Tim.* Oho ! now I understand all the complicated movements of the morning. Well, well, as you have married one of the cousins, Jane, I hope you will be happy with him.

*Dam.* [Presenting Mrs. Stokes.] And permit me to introduce the future Mrs. Damon Smith.

*Mrs. S.* [Courtesies and simpers.] I declare, I must send for my white satin.

*Pyt.* Now I am indeed happy, and shall ever bless the chance that made me my cousin's substitute. Ladies, between you and I, should it ever be my wretched lot to be deprived of Mrs. Smith, I'll set up as substitute-general to society ; then, should any young, handsome, and wealthy widow lose her lord, where will be the man more happy than I to become his substitute ? Should any despairing Damon be compelled to leave the lady of his love, then where can she seek for a better substitute than Pythias ? Above all, should any charming creature unfortunately possess a sulky husband, who grumbles at accompanying her to the opera, the ball, or the play, like a brute as he must be, let her but give me the slightest hint, and I will be his delighted substitute—that is, if the specimen you have seen of my fitness for the office be satisfactory—if so, put all your husbands to the test, ladies, and invite them to witness the perplexities of Damon and Pythias.

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*Guests.*

MRS. P. DAMON. MRS. S. PYTHIAS. JANE. TIM. Miss T.  
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[L.

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